NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

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By Josephine Scribner Gates

NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY.
Illustrated in color.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE PLAYS "I SPY."
Illustrated in color.

THE TURKEY DOLL. Illustrated in color.

TOMMY SWEET-TOOTH AND LITTLE GIRL BLUE. Illustrated in color.

LITTLE GIRL BLUE. Illustrated in color.

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ABOUT TO SCRUB THE FRONT PORCH

NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY

BY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

ILLUSTRATED

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NANNETTE AND THE BABY MONKEY

NANNETTE is a doll! I may as well confess it at once; but she is no everyday, ordinary doll, by any means, for she 's alive!

I really do not need to tell you that, for I believe you see it at once; when you look at her eyes, can't you almost see her blinking and nodding at you?

If not, it is only because she is *so* busy; she has already helped with the

breakfast dishes and tidied up the house, and now she is about to scrub the front steps with the little broom, and steaming water in the kettle you see.

She is as happy as a bird, for when her work is finished she is to have a lovely day in the woods, and may then spend the night with Grandmother, who lives far away in a tiny brown house on the hill. I can hardly wait to tell you what happened on this particular day, so I must begin.

When the house was spotlessly clean, Nannette, with her lunch-basket on her arm, tripped along, sing-

ing as hard as the birds above her head.

Suddenly she heard a sharp chirp at her feet, and there she found her baby chickens and the mother wanting to go, too, and so in a moment the wee birds were tucked in the basket, and she continued her journey with the mother hen pecking her way along in the grass by the roadside.

Nannette loved the woods, and hastened to the silvery stream which purled its way over the stones, making sweet music. She finally yielded to its spell and sat down on the bank to dream and listen. As she watched

it rushing on, she suddenly noticed a curious cluster of leaves dancing along on its surface.

They seemed to mean something, for her keen glance told her there was some sort of a message written upon them.

With a long branch she drew one toward her and after carefully examining it, she learned that the leaves were carrying the news to the world at large that the King's pet monkey was lost, and men, women, children, and all animals were to be on the watch-out for it; a large reward was offered for its return.

As Nannette replaced the leaf she heard a rustling at her feet, and there stood a monkey! It was such a cunning thing she put out her hand to caress it.

It started back, trembling, and cried: "I'm Jocko, the monkey that 's lost, but please don't find me! I don't want to be found. I ran away from the King's Palace. I know all about that message the leaves are carrying, and when the people and animals know it I won't be safe anywhere. I s'pose you'll even give me up for the reward."

"Indeed not!" cried Nannette stoutly. "What do I care for a re-

ward? I'll do my best to help you stay lost, but why did you run away from the King's Palace?"

"I was never happy. I was always dressed in a red suit with silver bells. I had to dance and do tricks for his friends from morning till night. Do you think those birds you hear singing would like to be shut in a gold cage? The Palace was my gold cage. You are here in the woods because you love it. I, too, love it, and so I ran away, and if I can help it I shall never go back. Oh, hark! there's the King's bugle now! He's out hunting; what will I do?"

"Here!" cried Nannette; and as she deftly tucked him in the basket under her chickens she noticed one of his paws tightly closed and wondered.

"Go the other way," whispered the monkey.

"No," said Nannette; "my mother always told me never to run away from anything." And she walked boldly to meet the King, who she could now plainly see had stopped by the stream for a drink.

As she passed him by she curtsied respectfully and the King spoke:—

"One moment, maid; what have you in your basket?"

"My three baby chickens and some lunch, Your Highness," she answered demurely; and as though to prove her words, the chickens raised their heads and loudly chirped, while the monkey nestled down close to their little feet.

"The court monkey is lost," announced the King. "I am suspicious he is in these woods. Keep a lookout for him."

"I will, Your Highness," cried Nannette, as she again curtsied and passed on.

"I wish we could stop the leaves," said Nannette, when she felt it safe

for her to speak to her new-found friend.

"We would n't dare. That would be treason to stop the King's messengers; and I s'pose it's treason for you to hide me. Are n't you afraid?" asked the monkey, as he climbed from the basket and ran along beside her.

"Indeed not; but look; what 's that?" she cried.

The monkey followed her gaze to see walking sedately toward them a gray donkey.

"Looks as though he were going to a Quaker meeting in his best spring bonnet," laughed Nannette.

"Jump in the basket again, and perhaps he will let us ride awhile."

The monkey snuggled down under the chickens once more; but as he peeped through the slats he whispered: "He is for the King's messenger. I've often been on his back. His rider is probably hunting through the bushes for me."

The donkey now paused by them, and Nannette hopped on to his back. With the mother chicken on her lap she gently urged the creature on, keeping a sharp outlook for his rider. They were presently startled by a trumpet call.

SHE GENTLY URGED THE CREATURE ON

"Stop!" whispered the monkey. "It is the King's messenger."

And sure enough he appeared pushing his way through the brushwood. His face was flushed from running, and as he saw Nannette seated in state in his place, he cried:—

"How dare you? That animal belongs to the King. I am hunting a lost monkey. Get down at once and help. Every one in the King's domain is ordered out on this quest."

Nannette obeyed, and when the donkey and rider had passed out of sight, the monkey jumped from his

nest and skipped alongside the mother hen in the greatest glee.

When the sun was high in the heavens, Nannette stopped, and, seated behind a great rock, they ate their lunch. After this the mother hen fed her chicks the remaining crumbs, and Nannette laid her head on a mossy pillow.

"Sleep if you wish," said the monkey; "I'll keep watch."

And so Nannette slept, for she had wakened with the dawn and well deserved a nap.

She was presently startled by the monkey chattering and trembling.

FED HER CHICKS THE REMAINING CRUMBS

"You slept so long," he said, "I took a walk, and away down the road I found a park. At its entrance is a tiny house. It must belong to the King, for two guards stand without. They carry guns and lanterns. We can't go that way, and if we go back we may run into the King and his messengers. What will we do?"

"Well," said Nannette, "the chickens and I have taken pretty good care of you so far; are n't you willing to trust us longer?"

"Indeed, yes; but I 'm so afraid!"

Nannette laughed his fears away, and cried: —

"Come, let 's go and see this big gate you tell about. Hop in the basket."

With the monkey safely tucked out of sight, and the mother chicken perched on her shoulder, Nannette strode rapidly on straight to the gate which she could now plainly see.

The guards gazed curiously at her as she paused in front of the door, and they turned their heads neither to right nor left as she lifted the brass knocker.

In a moment above her head was heard a tiny voice. She looked up into the eyes of a queerly dressed

one who waved on high a tiny red lantern.

"What! Ho! Without!" came in fine piping tones. "Hast brought the monkey?"

"Oh," said Nannette, "could you let me stay the night and give me a bowl of porridge?"

"Open, Sesame!" piped the voice in a commanding tone. The door swung slowly open.

"Enter!" again commanded the voice.

Nannette walked in, though she could feel the monkey trembling so the basket almost fell from her grasp.

She found herself in a wide corridor. The Strange One, dressed in gown and cap of black and yellow, led her into a large room furnished in gold and blue, bade her be seated, and at a wave of her hand, there appeared a page with food which was placed before her. As she ate, the Strange One said: —

"I wonder if in your travels you happened to see a monkey. He belongs to His Majesty, and if we do not find him I will be thrown into prison." Then with her head on the table she sobbed bitterly.

Nannette looked into her basket.

The monkey's beady eyes were blinking up at her, but he shook his head as though trying to tell her not to betray him.

"Why will they throw you into prison?" asked Nannette.

"Because I loved the monkey, and I was sorry to see him so unhappy and I helped him to get away."

Again Nannette glanced down, and once more the monkey shook his head.

"Are you here alone?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, except the page. Every one is out looking for the monkey. Even

the animals and the birds are helping. It can't be long now till they will have him."

"Why do they care so much for one poor little monkey?" asked Nannette.

"Because, — oh, dare I tell you? I will. I don't care what they do with me. He carried away the King's jewel: the big red ruby. It is worth millions of pounds and belongs to his crown. It fell out of its setting and the King sent for the jeweler to replace it. He was all ready to do it, and as he turned to find a certain tool the monkey must have picked it up.

It was only a second, but when he looked back the jewel was gone and so was the monkey!"

Nannette, astonished to learn that she carried in her basket such a precious treasure, continued to eat her porridge while she pondered on this news. She remembered the monkey's tightly closed paw, and so decided it must be true.

"They must find him!" declared the hostess; "but really" — and she whispered this — "I hope they won't; for if they do, Jocko will be sorely punished for taking the jewel, and if any person finds it and keeps it,

that one will be thrown into a dungeon.

"The crown is here now, locked in a heavy plate-glass case, in the gold room. It is perfectly safe, for no one mistrusts it and we must not tell any one. The King carries the key, but there is another, and if I find the jewel I 'll put it back. His Majesty declares it *must* be in its place in twenty-four hours or he 'll —"

This speech was here interrupted by a prolonged note of the trumpet, followed by three short, sharp ones, and the little maid cried in alarm, "That is the signal for us to come

and join the search. You may stay the night if you choose"; and she hastened away, murmuring sadly, "Poor little Jocko!"

Nannette watched her disappear in the darkness, and turned to find the monkey dancing a hornpipe on the hearth. The gleam of the flames in the great fireplace lighted the room, and Nannette laughed aloud as she watched him. He tumbled about in the greatest glee, then stood up and cried: —

"Poor little Jocko, indeed! A pretty kettle of fish we are in! I am to be thrown into a dungeon for

stealing a jewel, and you are to come and call on me because you stole both of us."

"Yes," said Nannette; "but tell me the truth. *Have* you the jewel really and truly?"

"To be sure I have. In this paw which I cannot open. It 's really an awfully funny joke when you know it. I had just dipped my paw in the glue-pot. I loved to. It looked so nice and swishy. Then I saw that jewel shining so bright I picked it up and closed my paw around it, and it stuck! There it is and there it will stay till we can soak it off in

hot water. We might do that if we could find the key."

"Let 's go up and see this wonderful crown," said Nannette.

They skipped up the marble staircase, and there in the center of the gold room they found the great plate-glass case in which was locked the wonderful diadem. The jewels gleamed at them, and the space where no jewel lay seemed so very empty they could scarcely bear to look at it.

"I saw one key about the King's neck as he drank. I wonder where the other is she told about. Let 's look for it," said Nannette.

And thereupon began a search fully as exciting as was that now taking place in the forest, but all in vain.

"We'll have to give it up," cried Nannette, much disappointed, and they descended the staircase only to be thrown into a panic by the sound of the trumpet call and far-away voices.

Nannette climbed the ladder and peered out of the high window, to see many people waving lanterns just at the edge of the woods.

"Oh," cried the monkey, "I remember now — this is the King's

hunting-lodge. They are probably coming here for the night."

"Come," whispered Nannette, "we have just time to slip out before they are near enough to see us."

And with the monkey in the basket, Nannette slipped the iron bolt, and, covered by the darkness, she made her way to a clump of bushes well out of the path of the oncomers. She watched them enter the Lodge, then hurried on.

"I know where we can sleep," said the monkey; "at the edge of the stream is a fisherman's hut. Go straight ahead. I will direct you."

Nannette strode on and soon reached the tiny hut.

"Don't go in; go around to the dog kennel. The dogs are off tracking me, so there we 'll be safe."

Nannette entered the kennel and lay down on a bed of leaves, glad, indeed, of a haven of rest. She slept till early dawn, when she was awakened by excited barks. She jumped to her feet, thrust the monkey and chickens into her basket, and crept out of the kennel to be almost knocked over by three dogs, yelping and bounding about her in vain attempts to get at her basket. This she

placed on her head, and as the dogs seemed about to overpower her a shrill whistle sent them away.

"Run for the stream!" cried the monkey. "They know I am in here and will come right back with the King!"

Nannette ran like a deer and reached the stream just in time to see at its edge a tiny boat aground.

The men were doing their best to move it off, and cried: —

"Give us a hand, girl; push with all your might. Now, all together!"

Nannette obeyed, and as the craft swung out, the monkey with a whis-

pered "Good-bye" leaped into it, and the current carried the boat far out into the stream.

Nannette had the joy of seeing a tiny head with beady eyes blinking at her, but the boatmen were too busy steering to notice that at their feet curled in a ball was another passenger.

Nannette turned to find the dogs again yelping about her, and with them was the King himself.

"The maid of the woods," he murmured. "Let me see your basket."

Nannette held it forth, and he removed the chickens, shook the bas-

ket, then replaced the chirping birds, saying, "The dogs thought they had made a find and I was foolish enough to think they knew."

Nannette curtsied, and with downcast eyes, that he might not see the joyous twinkle therein, went her way.

As the King disappeared, she hurried after the boat, for well she knew the monkey was not safe for long, there.

Presently, as she followed the stream, *such* a sight met her eyes! Floating along on a tiny raft were many animals, all chattering at once.

Rabbits, squirrels, a horse, a lamb, a chicken, three little mountain goats, a lion, and a parrot. Off in a corner three squirrels sat under an umbrella as though awaiting a downpour.

"Oh!" cried Nannette, "they are the animals who found the message on the leaves. They are seeking the dear little monkey and there he is ahead of them in the boat. What can be done now?"

She walked down close to the water's edge and gazed at the monkey, who still stood blinking his eyes at her. He, too, was wondering what would be done now.

Nannette felt sure that somehow it would come out all right, and she watched the boat, which kept on its course apparently caring naught for the raft and its passengers.

Suddenly the parrot screeched, "I see the monkey!"

The animals followed his gaze, and the boatmen, who also heard, turned to see where a monkey could be, and there they found the trembling little creature at their feet.

Nannette called, and the men turned to see her beckoning and smiling.

"The maid who helped us off.

One good turn deserves another. Steer for the shore," shouted the leader, who knew nothing of the King's order.

In less time than it takes to tell it the monkey was again in Nannette's basket, while the animals on the raft stared helplessly at them as they wandered on.

"My! that was a narrow escape. For a while I did n't know just what we were to do," said Nannette.

"What *will* we do now?" asked the monkey; "seems as though I 'm not safe anywhere."

The words were scarcely spoken

when there came rushing toward them a tiny carriage, in which sat a turkey. Just before it reached them, it stopped, and Nannette saw back of it such a funny sight, a dear little white curly dog with brown ears trying to raise an umbrella. As he worked at it, Nannette flew to the carriage, and in a moment was cuddled up on a cushion back of the turkey. She was barely seated when the carriage started. Up hill and down they flew. The dog had n't even seen her get in, and now the umbrella over his head screened them from his sight.

On and on they rushed through

the woods, out into the open, and through a small village. Here great excitement reigned. The village seemed to be peopled with dolls of all sorts, and they passed a procession of them carrying flags and singing and dancing as only dolls can sing and dance.

As they left this joyous group far behind, they met a wee Japanese doll riding in state in a jinrikisha.

Farther on, they passed a quaint couple, and Nannette gazed curiously at them, for never had she seen any one so oddly dressed.

When they, too, were left behind, the monkey whispered: "Is n't it a

CARRYING FLAGS AND SINGING AS ONLY DOLLS CAN

joke? They are all seeking poor little me, and they are having a jubilee over it; but hark! the King! Dear! Dear! How often he turns up!"

Sure enough, coming toward them was the King and his outriders, all blowing trumpets and looking as though their cheeks would surely burst with the effort.

"You are thinking about being afraid again, but look what 's happening," whispered Nannette, joyously. As the turkey in front of them stood and spread its tail, it flapped its wings so hard and gobbled so loud, the horses were all frightened

and dashed past them at a break-neck speed.

"Saved by a turkey's tail," she cried. And as the dog still pushed them madly up hill and down, Nannette tried to think out how they could replace the jewel.

"We must do it. The twenty-four hours are almost up. The King can't wear his crown till it wears the jewel, and I feel like a thief. We must leave this carriage the first chance we have."

The chance soon came, when the dog paused at a spring to drink. Nannette climbed down, and as the

THE TURKEY STOOD AND SPREAD ITS TAIL

dog went on his way, Nannette sat down to ponder on how best to accomplish her purpose.

"The first thing to do is to get back to the King's Lodge," she said. "It must be empty, for I saw the black and yellow maid and the guards and even the dogs and the fisherman in that village. It is a long distance. How I wish something would come along and we could ride."

At this instant she heard voices and skipped behind a bush. She had barely concealed herself when there appeared four odd-looking creatures carrying a gold bed. They placed it

carefully on the ground and went to the edge of the stream to eat their lunch and rest.

"It is the King's bed. They are taking it to the Lodge," whispered the monkey.

"Grand!" cried Nannette. "When the bearers are n't looking, we 'll crawl into it and ride straight to the crown."

And before you could say Jack Robinson, Nannette, her little chickens, and the monkey were snuggled down under the covers, and, will you believe it? they felt so safe they were soon sound asleep. They never even knew when they reached their jour-

ney's end; but suddenly the monkey whispered, "Nannette!"

Nannette opened her eyes to see —what do you s'pose? Nothing more nor less than the glass case in which the jeweled crown shone out in all its splendor.

"Oh!" she cried, "here we are, and no one knows how we were smuggled in, but how can we open the door of the case? the key is here, but where?"

As they pondered, the monkey raised his head, and in a trice sprang up the side of a door,—on, on, up, up. Nannette watched to see him

creeping along the moulding to a far-off corner where gleamed a tiny key.

"Oh!" she said, "how splendid!"

The monkey deftly took it from its hook and in an instant was beside her.

"First we must get some warm water," she said. And down the marble staircase they ran to the kitchen, where the kettle was boiling — oh, so hard.

"Some one must be coming soon," she cried; "we must hurry." And quickly filling a gold basin they ran upstairs, and in a jiffy the jewel was loose, the tiny key fitted into the lock,

IN A JIFFY THE JEWEL WAS LOOSE

the glass door opened, the jewel pressed into place, and the key back on its hook.

"Now we can go and live happy ever after," cried Nannette.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when again she heard the trumpet call, and from the window they saw the King and his men approaching.

"*Now*, what *shall* we do?" asked the monkey. "Maybe there is a secret passage."

As he spoke Nannette saw him go to a large mirror, and press on one side till it swung forward.

"Come quickly," he said. "I remembered they had a secret passage at the Palace. This room is a reproduction of the gold room there."

Nannette crept in beside him, the mirror swung into place, and they waited to see what would happen.

"Aha!" cried the King; "at last we are at home again. Bother that monkey! where in the world is he?"

They heard him walking about, then climbing the staircase. As he entered the room he paused suddenly and they knew he was staring at the crown.

"The jewel is here! How did it

get in that crown? I have one key, the other is on its hook. Some strange doings here! I believe that witch of a maid had something to do with it; but never mind, I don't want the monkey, the jewel was all I really cared for."

Nannette, with the monkey safely tucked away, waited to hear no more. Down the spiral staircase she made her way, through a long dark passage, then out into the night.

The sky was well sprinkled with stars, and Nannette hurried to the edge of the stream. There to her great joy she found the raft.

"The animals have left it while they seek me," whispered the monkey.

"Yes! and while they seek you we 'll jump aboard and steer it with a pole."

And with a shove the raft was off, and as it swung out into the deep waters Nannette turned to see, on the banks, such a picture! The animals standing all in a row staring at them.

The monkey from the edge of the basket waved a gay farewell, then leaped to Nannette's shoulder and whispered in her ear: —

"At last we are safe, and I have

my freedom. I 'll stay in the woods near you and we *will* live happy ever after!"

Nannette, with one arm about the monkey, and the other about her chickens, sailed away to her own little home, where she found — what? Why, just the front steps waiting for her to come with her kettle and broom and give them another scrubbing!

THE END

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